

Walker is not a lonely filibuster, in whom nobody takes an interest. He is the agent and pioneer of the Slave Extension leaders. His ragged host is their advanced guard. The moment he is in peril there is suddenly manifested a most extraordinary interest in his fate throughout the Pro-Slavery ranks. There is a general rush to his rescue, as far as wordsy declarations go. Mr. Soule speaks of him as "a gallant adventurer who so nobly defends the rights of an oppressed people." Mr. Weller puts him on the same lofty platform. Yet Walker's Government is nothing but a military despotism which sustains itself by forced contributions upon a population impoverished by his exactions. Walker's mode of sustaining himself is to smoke out every fellow in the country who has got an extra dollar, and send a file of soldiers after him and command him to deliver. It was a principal part of the duty of Walker's squad of occupation, before he got into this last war with Costa Rica, to go round in small detachments, and levy contributions upon everybody who had anything that could be made useful for the troops, whether money, food, or clothing. Nobly defending the "rights of an oppressed people!" Why he has been engaged in doing nothing ever since he got to Nicaragua, but squeezing dry every poor devil in the country of his last shilling. Stores have been shut up, men of means have hurried off with what they could carry; others have hid their possessions so far as they could, and general fright and consternation have seized the people in consequence of his forced levies. They are whipped and imprisoned if they withhold anything, and they starve after yielding up everything. This robbery and brigandage Soule calls "defending the rights of an oppressed people."

In all these Slave Extension schemes the backers and promoters at home are absurd and extravagant in their positions and language to a degree that discloses the intense eagerness of their desires and the alarm they feel lest their plans should miscarry. This Walker movement is thus regarded with the deepest interest by the Propagandists, because it is not only a scheme to reduce Central America and convert it into Slave States to be annexed to the Union, but because it is designed as the base of operations against Cuba. Cuba is the great prize they are after, and Nicaragua and Central America are stepping stones on the way to it.

The intercepted correspondence which Walker has sent here to show that the British Government has furnished Costa Rica with arms, (it is not the first time she has done it,) causes very wry faces among the parties interested in his success. They feel very belittled, but since the Russian war is over they are a little cautious about ventilating their wrath. Their indignation is chiefly vented in scowls. They know that the Slave Extension scheme can only be carried out piece meal, surreptitiously, and by preserving peace with the great Powers. "The cat loves fish but does not wet her foot." The propagandists, eager as they are to subjugate the continent to the sway of the Slave power, are nevertheless compelled to keep the peace. They hate to be checked and curbed by interference from any quarter, but they cannot afford to be belittled about it. They can only growl and sulk. And although the "multitudinous perpetration" of the movement may turn out to be very repugnant to their aims and desires, they have to grip and bear it. We doubt whether even that ardent and pugnacious gentleman who did not get Cuba when he went to Spain after it, would advise war as a means to rectify the tangential discordance of the "multitudinous perpetration" of the drama in progress.

J. S. P.

THE LATEST NEWS. RECEIVED BY MAGNETIC TELEGRAPH.

NICARAGUA AGAIN.

WASHINGTON, May 4, 1856.
The Cabinet meeting to-morrow will be peculiarly important, from the attempt to carry the recognition of Gen. Walker's Government. The President is still strongly inclined, and urgently pressed by Quidman, Douglas and others. The present policy is to introduce this subject in the platform at Cincinnati. A portion of the Cabinet that favored the project three days ago are less zealous now, after opposing considerations have been presented. Secretary May is wise, moderate and firm. It is not improbable that a postponement may be carried until after the arrival of the next steamer, which will allow more time for reflection as to consequences.

Padre Vigil, the Nicaraguan Minister, is expected to-morrow or next day, unless his absence is admonished. It is the first time that a priest has officiated in such capacity.

NON-ARRIVAL OF THE ETNA.

BOSTON, May 4—8:30 p.m.
The screw steamship Etna, from Liverpool for this port on the 23d ult., (three days after the departure of the Persia), is now due; but up to the present moment there are no signs of her from the Lower Station. The weather is thick and rainy.

LATER FROM KANSAS.

CHICAGO, Ill., Friday, May 3, 1856.
A large meeting was held at Lawrence on the 30th ult., on the subject of the murder of Sheriff Jones. Resolutions were passed disclaiming all responsibility for the act, and denouncing the murderer. Gov. Robinson has offered a reward of \$500 for the apprehension of the assassin.

DEATH OF EX-GOVERNOR TROUP.

COLUMBIA, S. C., May 4, 1856.
The Hon. Mr. Troup, Ex-Governor of Georgia, died at Laurens County, S. C., on the 30th ult.

DEATH OF AN OLD BOSTONIAN.

BOSTON, May 4, 1856.
Dr. John C. Warren, an eminent physician in this city, died this morning after a brief illness. He was seventy-nine years of age.

NICARAGUAN EXERCISES.

NEW-ORLEANS, Friday, May 3, 1856.
There is considerable excitement here in regard to Nicaraguan affairs, and the friends of Gen. Walker are working hard to send him aid. Col. Frezza is here.

STEAMERS ON THE MISSOURI RIVER.

ATLANTA, Ill., Friday, May 3, 1856.
The committee appointed by the Kansas and Alton Transportation Company, to establish a line of steamers between this city and Kansas, for the transportation of passengers and merchandise, direct, have completed their arrangements, and a vessel will be sent to arrive at Kansas on the 10th inst. It is as yet uncertain how often the line will commence their trips.

WESTERN NAVIGATION.

BUFFALO, Saturday, May 3, 1856.
The steamer Empire sailed this morning for Lake Erie, and the brig Commodore with freight for Chicago, and will leave this afternoon. There are only a few ships of ice now in sight.

The loss by the fire at Gowanda is reported at \$100,000.

SELECTED NEWS FROM EUROPE.

BOSTON, Saturday, May 3, 1856.
The Cunard steamship Etna, with three days later news from Liverpool, is now in her twelfth day, and may be expected to-morrow.

IMPORTS AT BOSTON.

BOSTON, Saturday, May 3, 1856.
The imports of foreign goods at this port during the week ending May 2, are as follows:
Dry Goods, \$410,300; Lard and Oils, 30,771; Wines and Liquors, 45,340; Coffee and Tea, 135,174; Iron and Steel, 66,110; Drugs and Dyes, 33,404; Miscellaneous, 15,751; Other articles, 31,451; Total, \$713,946.

FROM KANSAS.

Special Correspondence of The N. Y. Tribune.

KANSAS CITY, Mo., Saturday, April 25, 1856.

I am once more on the threshold of Kansas, and shall immediately make my way toward Lawrence and Leecompton—not by the Westport "back-door," but by the more direct but less traversed route of Wyandott and Delaware. The boats on the river, the hotels here and everywhere on the route are crowded with emigrants. There is, indeed, a very heavy fluttering of the "birds of passage" to the land of promise. "Jew and Gentile," Pro-Slaveryite and Free-State man, bond and free, are coming Kansasward, each of the volunteers certain of the ultimate success of that policy on which he has predicated his hopes in emigrating. So far, if rumor and report be credible, the Southern emigration has the advantage this Spring; but I am only on the threshold of the Territory, and will touch such rumors lightly, no matter how apparently true. In this vicinity it was that Calhoun, Surveyor-General of the Territory, penned his famous, or infamous, letter, in which he professed to give an impartial account of the events connected with the siege of Lawrence. The facts from which he had to collate were stories trumped up along the borders of Missouri, and which were designed to throw every troubled spirit into a flame and send an excited and reckless population up to Lawrence on the work of death and destruction. The best apology I can offer for the Surveyor-General is that he undertook to write about that which it was impossible he could know, and, giving him the benefit of it, I will endeavor to avoid a course which I have not the constitutional qualifications to admire, and so turn a deaf ear to the reports which fly thick as did the plague of fleas during the period of Egyptian tribulation. First, that many Free-State men have been arrested; secondly, that there has been resistance and the troops have been called out; thirdly, that the "immortal" Sheriff Jones has been shot and "gone the way of all the earth;" that war has again broken out, and so on and ad infinitum. That there have been arrests or attempted arrests of sundry prominent Free-State men is certain. I have on that point information which is conclusive. Some of the officials, appointed for the different "Counties of Kansas" by the Missouri-Kansas Legislature which assembled at the Shawnee Mission, have evidently made up their mind to test the extent of their "little brief authority" in placing those connected with the rescue of Branson, the members of the Topeka Legislature, and all who have aimed against the authority of the first-named legislative body, in duress, or holding them to answer for their breaches of "law and order," in all the terrible penalties of that fearful and fanny legislation. I had expected that things here would now be peaceable, dry, almost insipid; but if one thine of the reports be true, there is some serious work yet in store for Kansas.

There are several pretty large companies from the extreme South at present on their way up the river. Major Buford's men had been arriving in St. Louis, and we may expect some six or seven hundred armed adventurers here immediately. I have conversed with several gentlemen who have seen these men, and they represent them as mostly young and not over-prepossessing, culled chiefly from that class so abundant in the South and so easily spared—the poor but aristocratic dependents and relations of those who own property and slaves, but who, owning none themselves, are sent out as the pioneers of a system of which it is supposed, with truth, that they will prove defenders to be relied upon. I had not the privilege of coming up the river with any of these companies, and therefore had not so good an opportunity for estimating the peculiarities which the strength and enthusiasm incident to aggregation might have induced them to exhibit. There was on board a sprinkling of young Southerners, from different States, however, some of whom unquestionably belonged to the class of "outriggers." Private and individual emigrants, inspired and kept going by an indefinite notion of the "honor of the South," and a little of something more substantial from these friends or relatives who might happen to have it, they proceed as political missionaries to the barren field of Kansas, to bring it into the orthodox fold of Slavery. I believe that there has been and will be, this Spring, a great deal of such untimely emigration of the class referred to. And let them come. I only wish that they may make industrious and enterprising citizens. Let them vote for Slavery in Kansas, too, and rejoice in their work, even should they never be able to curse its soil with a single human chattel.

It is unquestionable that the South has gone into the "actual settlement" business to a great extent this Spring; but that all intention of interfering with elections, and other matters in Kansas, by the Border-men of Missouri has been "given up" as asserted, is a point not so clear. I do not believe anything of the kind. I only think that it is the intention of the Pro-Slavery party shall have a better foothold within the Territory, more numerous points round which to rally, and a party powerful enough to protect the "goods" when the process of political treachery, violence, and fraud shall be consummated in the conquest of the free Territory of Kansas by Slavery.

Some of these young S-utherners are gentlemen-like fellows. One amiable and rather intelligent youth with whom I conversed, had quite an anxiety for interesting adventure. He meant to go out to the plains and hunt buffalo; but "not till after the election"—no, not till after the election. He seemed to be conscientious on this point. I asked him what election? He could not exactly tell me, but seemed to have some kind of vague idea that it was for a new Pro-Slavery constitution. It is quite likely that some preparatory steps may be taken for the accomplishment of this result.

The departure of the Congressional Commission from Kansas, the action of the Free-State Legislature, and the sales of land about midsummer, will, I think, bring matters to a focus—whether a bloody one or not remains to be seen. One thing is certain: the question is not yet determined, and both parties are hopeful and stirring. The past may convey a lesson, perhaps prevent difficulty, but the great point is still to be settled. The Free-State men have the advantage of it. The Free-State men have the advantage of it.

But the Pro-Slavery men have the "inner track," and mean to keep it; and then the Administration is on their side.

I will soon be in the Territory. I learn that Whitfield has been making a speech since his return, and fulminating a special anathema mark, *anathema* against me, in case I shall venture back to Kansas. I am not particularly fearful of the General, and, for his own sake, to find him well and in a better humor, as I have no particular recollection of anything to call for such thunder.

FROM BOSTON.

From an Occasional Correspondent.

BOSTON, Saturday, May 3, 1856.

We were terribly frightened yesterday by a story that was going about that a ghost had been seen at the State House the night before. We had suspected that that respectable edifice had been haunted by evil spirits for some time, but an authentic account of an apparition having made its appearance there "made mad the guilty and appalled the free." Especially when further inquiry put it beyond a doubt that it was as veritable as the *aiden* of Mrs. Veal herself. (Now you will go and spoil the comic effect of that sentence on your readers' minds by your vicious and immoral spelling. A friend of mine protests that he couldn't possibly be frightened by a specter that spelt its name with a *ter*.) It is a perfectly well attested ghost-story, such as would have rejoiced the cockles of Dr. Johnson's heart. The "party," as Mr. Omer, the jolly undertaker in David Copperfield would have called the defunct whose spirit revisited the glimpses of the past that night, was named Whitfield. He was a respectable and well-to-do man, and a respectable character for many years, until it took to bad courses in its old age. The reason of its walking is probably to be found in the fact that it came to a violent end at the hands of the late lamented Mr. Webster. It had served him what he thought a shabby trick in its latest transactions with him, and he knocked it on the head just as he was dying himself, in a way which was effectual, if a little irregular.

Yet it seems that it was not a spontaneous and voluntary appearance after all. It was called up from its rest by spells of power, as was Samuel by the Witch of Endor. The chief necromancer on this occasion was Mr. George S. Hillard, who was assisted in his incantations by Mr. George Lunt, and others of less notoriety; and it was painful, I should judge from the accounts, to witness the efforts they put forth to persuade the departed spirit to renounce its lifeless body and go about its old business. Now, I cannot approve of this molestation of the dead. Why not let the poor old paralytic departed rest in peace? Besides, it is not respectful to Mr. Webster. I have been accused of hyenaish attacks on that gentleman, simply for decent remarks as to his public acts. What name then in obituary natural history should be applied to his last will and testament? Beside repudiating his legacy to them of "his large debts," and allowing his estate to be declared insolvent, they are now trying to undo the last act of grace to the party which had served him long, but had forfeited his favor at last, and to bring it to life again. Did I ever do anything of this sort, I should like to know? Who are the hyenas now? Should this perturbed spirit contract a habit of walking, I will try and keep you advised of its motions.

I am afraid that I was a little too fast in asking for your congratulations on the exaltation of Mayor Smith from the City Hall here, and on the change that had taken place in the complexion of our city Government. I am afraid there is not much choice between them and their predecessors. Whom do you think our civic fathers have selected, out of the entire population of Boston, to glorify the Declaration of Independence on the next Fourth day of July? One of Little's counsel—one of the tools of that impudent negro-chatter, when he came after Burns? Not Judge Loring; no, not so bad as that: not yet Benjamin F. Hall, or Seth J. Thomas, (whose name I see *The Telegraph* recommends as the junior counsel, a poor, obscure, insignificant creature, who caught at this infamous job as the means of present fee and future notoriety. The fellow's name is Parker—Edward G. Parker—which was never heard before, and probably never will be again, unless another slave is to be caught. And he is the chosen among men to discourse of Liberty in the ears of the men of Boston! What would Sam Adams say could he return to the earth? Had it been Dr. Smith's City Council one would not been wondered at. He is in the chair, Hall or Thomas reading the Declaration of Independence on his right hand, and the Brigadier-General, Edmunds performing escort duty, and this Parker spouting out the stage, would have been all in keeping.

The appointment most indubitably was meant by whoever suggested it as an endorsement of Parker's part in that villainy. Of course it was not put forward, and very likely it will be denied that this was the motive. But, though Fourth of July orations do rather go begging in these degenerate days, this one could hardly have been reduced to the state of taking up with Seth J. Thomas's journeyman in that dirty piece of work. Indeed, the excuse made for themselves by the majority of the Council I understand to be, that they did not hear of the man, and did not know that he had any part or lot in the matter—utter was his obscurity, as the rate of eight cents per line. If this be true—and it is altogether probable—the only thing for them to do is to reconsider their vote and unask him again. It was put through by his friends before any remonstrance could be made; and his acceptance following at once on the heels of the invitation, the nail was clinched before it was known it had been driven. Still it cannot be too late for the Council to pass resolutions reciting the fact that they made the appointment in ignorance of his antecedents, and requesting him to resign it. This would clear their skirts whether he complied or not.

If this be not to be had, that a Citizens' Celebration be held by those who would mark their sense of this insult to all decent men. This Parker's insignificance stood him in good stead once last winter. He had been ignorantly invited to lecture at Worcester before some lyceum there, and it was not found out till after it was over, who he was. Had it only been known in time he would probably have had as warm a reception as greeted his fellow laborer in that vineyard, Butler, who had to be protected on his way to the train by Stephen Foster and Thomas W. Higginson, to save him from the popular violence. But enough of him. Perhaps it would not be a bad idea, if his oration goes forward, to put Theodore Parker against him as the opposition orator, and see which Parker would draw the best. I throw out the suggestion and anybody may pick it up and use it that pleases.

BYLES.

COL. LANE IN INDIANA.

Correspondence of The N. Y. Tribune.

FRANKLIN, Ind., Monday, April 28, 1856.

You were pleased to publish a letter from citizens of this place inviting Col. Lane of Kansas to revisit Indiana and address the people here, together with his reply accepting the invitation and fixing the 26th as the time for the address.

It will not, therefore, I presume, be uninteresting to you and your thousands of readers to give you a brief account of the meeting and the effect of the effort on the part of Col. Lane.

We got a dispatch from Washington on Monday last week, announcing that the Colonel would be here on the Saturday following to address us. Consequently we had only about four days to give notice of his coming, and this, too, in the very busiest part of the season. The farmers were all busy in preparing for plowing, and many within a very few miles of town failed to obtain any notice of the expected speaker. The colored delegates and the very hour fixed for the meeting. On reaching the Court-house it was filled to the utmost capacity with anxious and attentive li-

eners. The officers leaders of the "Old Line" party were not at all desirous to have Lane make a speech in the place, and some of them were mean enough to make disparaging remarks, and throw out mean insinuations during the week; but notwithstanding this, when he came to the proper hour, he was met by a cheering and intelligent audience. The Colonel I was in fine health and spirits, and entered into the subject of the rights and wrongs of Kansas with a zeal and energy truly commendable. Our people have often loved him better for his integrity and satisfaction as a man, than for his eloquence and oratory. He spoke of the people on whose behalf he appeared before us, of their natural and constitutional rights, of the rights promised them in the Nebraska bill—the right to "form their own institutions in peace." He spoke of the injuries inflicted, the wrongs committed, and of the dangers to which they are still exposed; in short, of such oppression as no other people in this country had ever endured. He declared that they had been driven from their homes, that they were being sold as slaves, and that they were being treated as American citizens, who know their rights and would maintain them. But I need not enumerate the points upon which he dwelt; it is sufficient to say that as he proceeded—although we are not among those who are always dreading a dissolution of the Union—we could not help feeling that if it ever came, it would be the result of the wrongs done to Kansas.

President Pierce, with the aid of the standing army, attempts to "subdue" the people of Kansas and compel obedience to laws more odious and oppressive more intolerable than the Colonial bondage which our forefathers resented, and which such a man as the President would never submit to. Let the tyrant be given, and the Union will be shaken to its center. Let the flames of civil war be kindled on the plains of Kansas by Executive authority, and the blaze will sweep over the whole country, and Pierce and Cass and Douglas will be branded as traitors to their country, more execrable than Arnold or Barr. They cannot prevent the people of Kansas from electing their own representatives to Congress, and in 1857 I voted for Col. Lane and others as Pierce Presidential electors. I tried all I could to make them both Presidents of the United States. Could I have known that they would turn out so hazardous and do such things, with shame and confusion, I confess to the country, I believe it is generally understood that the initial A in his name is significant.

But I beg pardon for this digression. I was speaking of Col. Lane's efforts here. He was listened to for about an hour with the most marked attention and respect. As he dwelt upon the wrongs of Kansas, and depicted the cruel murder of brave men, the hearts of the people were stirred within them, and the eyes of many of the opposite party were turned to him. If Lane could have seen the whole State and have seen the people, I give it as my candid opinion that the State would be carried, as he carried this county, by a large majority over the Free Kansas and the Republican candidate for President.

Our opponents already evince the desperation of their cause, while our friends are animated with a prestige and presence of success.

Very respectfully, JAMES RITCHIE.

THE PANAMA RAILROAD AND THE POST-OFFICE DEPARTMENT.

We have before us the correspondence submitted to Congress on Saturday between the Postmaster General and the Panama Railroad Company, in relation to the charge for carrying the mails between Aspinwall and Panama. The first letter, dated Feb. 15, 1856, is from the Hon. James Campbell, in which he refuses to pay more than ten cents a pound for the conveyance of the mails across the Isthmus—that being the regular price of transportation according to the Panama Railroad Company's tariff of rates.

Mr. Spies, Secretary of the Company, in answer, replied that he would lay the matter before the Directors at their next meeting, but that until authorized by them he could not agree to any variation in the rate. David Hoadley, President of the Company, addressed a letter to Mr. Campbell on the 21st inst., in which he requested attention to the fact that the charge of 10 cents per lb. on freight carried across the Isthmus, does not include the expense and responsibility of putting the goods on board of vessels in the Bay of Panama, nor of conveying them from ship to shore, to which he is charged for the performance of duty. Moreover, the Company is unwilling that the United States Mail should be considered in the light of mere merchandise. Mr. Hoadley considers the enterprise in which he is engaged to be one of public utility, and he therefore thinks that it deserves the sympathy and reward of the Government.

The next letter is from Mr. Campbell, dated March 29, 1856, to Mr. Ward, the United States Consul at Panama, requesting the latter to furnish all information in his power on the subject. On the same day Mr. Campbell writes to Mr. Hoadley that he is willing to pay eighteen cents per lb., but no more. Mr. Hoadley answers this letter on the 31st, and hopes that Mr. Campbell will withdraw his letter, and the two parties will come to a contract for some specific annual compensation for the service. On April 6 Mr. Campbell replied that he was not prepared to enter into a permanent contract of the nature referred to by Mr. Hoadley.

Mr. Ward writes from Panama, April 16, that the five cents difference between the railroad charge and the transportation of the mails was not money for the transportation from the railroad to the ship, but for the responsibility incurred by the care of the baggage from New York to San Francisco.

Mr. Campbell, on the 18th of May, 1856, writes Mr. Hoadley that he will not allow more than eighteen cents a pound.

On the 11th of September Mr. Campbell notified Mr. Hoadley that he had made an order recognizing the service of the Company in transporting the mail between Aspinwall and Panama, from April 1st to July 1st, at the rate of eight cents per pound.

Mr. Hoadley, on the 6th of October, states that the Company has decided that it could not, in justice to itself, accede to the reduction of rates, and that there was, therefore, a balance of \$6,260 68 due the Company for the quarter ending June 30.

Mr. Campbell writes, Oct. 12, that as the Company has greatly reduced its charges in transporting other kinds of freight, there is no reason why they should not do the same with regard to the mails.

November 15, Mr. Campbell writes Mr. Wm. H. Aspinwall that he has received a proposition from Mr. A. on behalf of the Panama Company to contract for the conveyance of the mails across the Isthmus of Panama for three years at the rate of \$125,000 per annum. Mr. Campbell has no authority to contract for this service without first inviting proposals and giving sixty days for the consideration of the same.

Mr. Campbell's letter to Mr. Hoffman, Secretary of the Panama Co., Feb. 12, 1856, says that his attention has been directed to a letter addressed by Mr. H. on the 9th of February to the U. S. Treasurer, calling his attention to an alleged indebtedness of \$18,000 to the Panama Co., on account of transportation of mail. Mr. Campbell says that the claim is unreasonable, and it will not be recognized by the Department.

Mr. Whitehead, President pro tem. of the Panama Co., says on the 20th of February that the Company will not take less than 10c. per lb. He calls attention to the fact that Great Britain and other countries are paying at that rate for the transportation of mail.

State would not pay the Panama Company over \$200,000 more annually at eighteen cents per pound than it would cost to have the mail conveyed by express. But the Company have refused to take the mail for less than twenty-two cents per pound, rather than have the trouble and disaster which must follow an interruption of the mails. Mr. Campbell will give twenty-two cents per pound, and will submit the facts in the case to the President, hoping that he will lay the matter before Congress, and that a remedy may speedily be found.

The next letter is dated April 16, and is from Mr. Campbell to the President. Mr. Campbell shows the disparity between the price paid the Erie Railroad for conveying the mail fifteen times weekly 400 miles and the price paid the Panama Company for conveying the mail six times semi-monthly. He suggests that a fixed annual rate of compensation be paid the Company regardless of the weight. In conclusion, Mr. Campbell recommends the passage of an act authorizing the Postmaster General to contract with the Panama Railroad Company for the conveyance of the mails across the Isthmus of Panama at a price not exceeding \$50,000 per annum, and to contract for the semi-monthly conveyance of the mail from New York and New Orleans to San Francisco via Nicaragua, alternating at regular intervals with the present line via Panama, at a sum not exceeding \$300,000 per annum.

LIFE AT ROME.

From Our Own Correspondent.

ROME, Thursday, April 3, 1856.

I suppose half Rome sat last week, like the youth at the foot of a column in the School of Athens, with one foot over the other's knee, writing as hard as ever it could its impressions of Holy Week. I will delay my account till you have read all their private letters, and then contrast Rome deserted with the press and pomp of that occasion.

Meantime, I must tell you of us all here, for we imagine all the world is in Rome, or has left his fresh footprints there, turned toward Florence. The fashions will soon call a Winter in Italy a vulgar thing, it will have become so common. Then let them pass a Summer here as a capricious novelty; they might find it even more delightful. The villas, their marble rooms, the gardens, fountains, box bowers and alleys, cypresses, and pine groves; the ruins, the Campagna, and the hills may be embellished still by the glory of a Summer sky. There is, however, a stereotyped public opinion against me that this side the Alps is untenable by strangers after May or June. *Mais nous verrons.*

The habitual rush here commences before Christmas, and reaches its climax during Holy Week. On Palm Sunday the most exorbitant offers could scarcely secure a shelter, and some devotees slept in their carriages.

All the Winter Rome is a hive of sight-seers. Most of our countrymen swarm about the Piazza di Spagna or light along the Corso and Babuino—all which vicinity becomes an Anglo colony; and but for certain illusions and occasional tinges of local color, one might as well be in New-York imagining himself respiring Italian atmosphere. We are all treated as *forestieri*, by rules applicable only to ourselves; and to those who revolve in this marked orbit there is no possibility of becoming familiar with the spirit of Rome. Everything within their reach is modified to their exigencies. Few even of the American residents know any Italian, and consequently pronounce them sour grapes, not worth the attaining to. But *Fejces* might become interesting if studied in their own country; and if modern Italians are really, as our people here say, "insipid," so is macaroni—yet it is pretty palatable and offers a nourishing variety to our sustenance. I am inclined to believe there is more than fair paste in their composition, and so again I say, *mais nous verrons.*

We propose to leave Rome, to try the "colony" and retire among the natives, to the experience of doing as the Romans do. By suitable interest and recommendation respectable Italian families are accessible—or by a little softening of our outer Protestant prejudices, pleasant homes may be obtained for ladies as boarders in some of the convents. It is worth some sacrifices to become intimate with the domestic and interior life of a foreign people, and private apartments are islands far out from the main land of all national characteristics. It is only in their homes that we learn the true spirit of a people. In our new and eccentric orbit we may now and then intersect our former circle and so keep enough informed of its position.

And here I should tell you something of the economy and politics of our institutions. From Republicans we have turned Absolutists. Mrs. Grundy is our sovereign; Lord Gosnell has assumed the helm of State, and we let him drive on the top of the wave. Your most vivid imagination can more than picture the splendor of our administrative. Our country is a vast empire, and they and their names are as dumb before what Rome can offer. Enthusiasts have often christened the Eternal City unique in art, in religion, in literature; then they forget her gossip, or left him unrepresented with the flesh. Indeed they are of the same family, and should take the same rank. What is, for the best; there is no doubt but spiritual as well as bodily irritation may be healthful in this climate. It has been said that the King of the Beas held his Court at Tiberias; you are also aware that he has immense domains in the Papal States, and that a Viceroy, and a whole legion of aldermanic volumes, and whole legions of his cohorts are engaged in Rome, where they keep up an activity as engrossing as those of your Mississippi.

Mrs. Grundy keeps herself also always before the people. To-day her majesty walks on the Piazza; last night she visited the Colosseum by moonlight; to-morrow she receives Mr. Fillmore at dinner. We know whom her principal ministers drive with every day, and whether they were white or dotted linen this morning. Of course all "engagements" and "attentions" are carefully chronicled. Bulletins are issued of her pastor's minister's, banker's and artists' doings. There are discussed, revised and corrected with the utmost freedom; all the funny stories and all the funny scenes which the first rates, the surmised diplomacy of the second, and the executed all the "parties," commercial and fashionable, which the third is occupied with, and the "works" the latter do, enter into the *secrets* of her budget. These daily items, together with dancing parties before, and tea parties during, Lent, help complete our Roman Winter.

Antique art, such as that of the Capitol or Vatican, is a fashionable diversion—the latter can be taken in on the way for a drive to Monte Mario—and sometimes the two museums, seen by torchlight, take the place of a whist party or reception.

Modern artists and artisans are patronized more generously. Purchasers of Roman sarcophagi, stone carvings, Etruscan settings, mosaic ornaments, and copies of the Cenci and Esperanza, indicate a real art on the part of our people, and are quite remarkable. Caste of a section has been called to those of a more sacred character by one of our clergyman's abortive attempts to secure for the "American Board" an image of the tracks of our Lord in one of the churches. For a time his efforts promised to be crowned with success, but the obstinate class adhered to the rough indications, and there the divine left it, and the faithful to find a new miracle in the mud of the footprints.

The Rev. Mr. McClure, our winter-chaplain, has been succeeded by Mr. Marks from Illinois, who thinks he can find some stony ground among us, for he, too, will find some stony ground among us. All visiting ministers, as well as laymen, go to St. Peter on Palm and Easter Sunday; and other Sundays other Churches offer unique ceremonies, so that the best preacher in the world must find some vacant seats before him in our chapel; and so the good seed falls on the pavement, or, as I mentioned, on stony ground. But, after all, we are not a very bad or very uncharitable people, and our Church will continue broad, and our winter season—that is, perhaps till the first or last of May. I have told you before that our church is a chapel, and that the ante-chapel of the American Minister's apartment. It is snug, but large enough, and so touchingly simple in com-

parison with all about us; it is a real upper chamber, and its communion season reminds us of the early Roman Christians seeking obscurity for their worship.

As yet I have not opened to you much beyond our exterior life, but we have passions with characteristic of which the dominant this season is for *lazzi*. Nobody has found its forte in philosophy, and gods, we have been tempted to try the experiment of statutory crimes, and to agree simultaneously to step into stocks, thereby being exposed to see ourselves as others see us in the cold stiffness of our unelastic outside. I think it was our excellent Ex-President who first inaugurated the *lazzi*, and after him men, women and children seemed possessed to be patted up in the dough of mother earth. One fancy it is a repetition of his first creation, and so the process has a peculiar retrospective charm. In this plastic state I have seen a dozen of my countrymen's images together, some with wet compresses around them, others with water-flea beside them; all soft, green, half-baked, uncertain, looking, like Adam before he was done. There are others consolidated into plaster, implacable of stone, and others of our sculptors' studio. One sweet face I recognized the other day, just being poked out of its mold; it was a child's two years old, and it looked so little and so life-like that I expected every moment to hear it pop. It is said that all these busts as well as all statues already exist in the store, and that they have only to be brought out. It is curious to watch the workmen with hacking chisel and hammer revealing in the blocks for their hidden heads. Old, plain and common people seem to have no delicacy about showing their faces and figures in stone. Some whose plainness might be embellished by colors on canvas, follow blindly the path of their more classic neighbors. When I think of the impertinence of some in putting their pug noses in relief, they turn to Socrates for assurance and support, and indulge in the illusion that back of their noses are arcana of soul to redeem their outward ugliness. The prettier people are cut in cameo, and the standard one measures his beauty by is seen in the style of similitude he adopts for himself. One good man demurred at his artist's choice of a coal stone for his cameo. He suggested a redder one as more suited to his complexion. "If I were to make your bust," the artist replied, "I suppose you would choose a red-reddish Egyptian marble, so true to nature." Veritas yielded doubly to the call.

Pietro Weight, another of our acquaintances, bought a block of marble at Carrara and bargained with one of our artists to cut him out at so much per foot; while the terms stood in statu quo, Pietro strolling by Trajan's column, noticed its flairs; returning to the studio he declared his plans all changed—he would have his marble made into a column—there would be less waste, and the incidents of his success in the bottom, shoe and iron line would be more than ever. Another noticing an oval slab more than a high finished bas relief asked if it was a grave stone. "No," said the artist, "it is only a picture of Ifigene and Ismael." "O, indeed I have seen grave stones just like it